

Wit and
Humor

THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Fiction
and FactsTHE FLIPPANT KID'S
Objection to the Man With
a Cigar; as Told in a
TROLLEY MONOLOGUE

"WELL, Gladys, I fear we'll have to call off that box party. Provoking, ain't it, dear. You know, darling, there's not a reason in the world why they shouldn't let them run the play."

"But, re'lly, Gladys, dear, I ain't got no kick comin'. I'm that worn out with opera parties and all those frightful 'assembly balls and one thing and another that I re'lly need the rest. Oh, ladyfingers, Gladys! Pass the prunes!"

"Sniff, Gladys, sniff. Did somebody break a bottle of attar o' roses? They did not. Gladys, it's the third time in a week that that apology for a man in front of us has carried the stump of a poor, dead cigar into this here car."

"Don't you re'lly get it, Gladys? Well, that's the blessin' of a real hearty cold. You want to blow a note of thanks, Gladys."

"You know I'm no grouch, Gladys, and I let it slip the first time he did it. I just thought to myself (think he's gettin' this, Gladys?) I just thought to myself, 'Well, here's a poor guy that only had a nickel to his name and bought three cigars with it. And now he's down to the last two inches of the third one, so o' course, he don't want to throw it away. A man's gotta have a smoke after supper.'"

"But when he did it the second time, I sort o' got a little peeved. 'Must be a habit,' I thinks. And now he's at it again. Yea, ho!"

"Fan me, Gladys, he ain't heard a word. You'd think it would kill a man to even make a cigar like that, wouldn't you, Gladys? Wonder what they put in 'em? But don't tell me, I always did have a delicate constitution from a child."

"Fan, Gladys, it's gettin' worse."

"Excuse me, mister, but would you mind throwin' that cigar out the window? It's makin' my little friend sick. Shut up, Gladys; I'm doin' this."

"Thank you ever so much, mister; she feels better already. It was awful nice of you. Smelled like a good cigar, too."

AND ONE LAST ONE INTO IT.

WORKS JUST AS WELL.



"Why should we say nothing but good of the dead?"



"What has become of all the wire-pulling, Senator?"

"There is an improvement on it, my dear. Wireless pull."

To Him That Hath

By LEROY SCOTT

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CHAPTER XXXIII (Continued).

BUT presently Kate's senses began to rouse. She began to see outlines of her disaster, its consequences, her vague pain separated into distinct pangs, each agonizingly acute. She felt an impulse to cry out in the street, but her instinctive pride closed her throat. She turned back and hurried to her room, locked herself in, and flung her hat upon the floor and herself upon the bed.

But even here she could not cry. All her life she had been strong, aggressive, self-defending; she had cried so rarely that she knew not how. So she lay, dry-eyed, her whole body retched with sobs that would not come up.

Lillian Drew's words, "He's ten thousand miles above you," sat upon her pillow and cried into her ear. She had seen David's superior quality and his superior training, but she and he had both been thieves—they were both struggling to rise clear of thievery. This commonness of experience and of present effort had made him seem very near to her—very attainable. It was a bond between them, a bond that linked them to each other. And she had steadfastly seen a closer union a little farther ahead.

But now he was not a thief. The bond was snapped—he was ten thousand miles above her! Her despair magnified him, diminished herself, and when she contrasted the two she shrank to look upon the figure of her insignificance. He must see her as such a puffy—how could he care for such a creature? He never could. He was lost to her—utterly lost!

All that afternoon she was tortured by her hopelessness. The evening, possessed by an undeniable craving to see David, she went to his house and asked him to walk with her. For the first time in her life she felt the street silence of constraint was between them. David could not know, in a vague way, of Kate's suffering; he was pained, shamed that he was his cause.

In the presence of her suffering, to him, with his feeling of guilt, all else seemed trivial. But there was one matter that had to be spoken of. "You've not told a soul, have you, what you learned this afternoon?" he asked.

"No," she returned, in a muffled voice. "I was sure you hadn't. I was afraid this afternoon that Rogers had overheard, but he didn't; either you talked in low voices, or he was asleep. No one must ever know the truth—no one, especially Lillian!"

"Why him especially?" she asked mechanically.

"He's the one who makes him feel close to me in that he believes we have both been in the same situation. In a way that has made us brothers. If we knew otherwise, it might make a difference to him."

"I understand," said Kate's muffled voice. "She asked him details of the story Lillian Drew had revealed, and since she already knew so much, he told her—though he felt her interest was not in what he said."

At length—he had yielded himself to her guidance—she came out upon the dock where they had talked a month before. She had wanted to be with him alone, and she had thought of no better place. Despite the wind's being filled with needles, they took their stand at the dock's end.

They looked out at the river that writhed and leaped under the wind's pricking-black, save beneath the arches of the Williamsburg bridge, where the rearing little wave-crests gleamed, sank, and gleamed again. For several

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MR. ALLEN put down his teacup and gazed across the table at Helen. Since Mrs. Bosworth had left the drawing room, ten minutes before, they had been arguing the old, old point, and both held their old positions.

"Then you will never, never give up your ideas?" he sighed, with mock seriousness that was wholly serious.

"Then you will never, never give up your ideas?" she repeated, in the same tone.

"Never, never."

"They looked at each other steadily for a moment; then their make-believe lightness fell from them."

"We certainly do disagree to perfection," he exclaimed.

"Yes. So perfectly that the more I think of what you've asked for, the more inadvisable does it seem."

"But you'll change yet. A score of drawn battles do not discourage me of ultimate victory."

"Nor me," she returned quietly.

Their skirmish was interrupted by the entrance of the footman. Helen took the card from the tray and glanced at it.

"Show her into the library and tell

Gink and Dink

Do Their Wives Answer
When They Call?BY
C. A. VOIGHT

Drawn for The Times.



LORETTA'S LOOKING-GLASS



SHE HOLDS IT UP TO THE GIRL WHO BRAGS.

"WHY, do you know, I received fifty-three birthday gifts!"

Just look at yourself in the glass. You have an irritatingly satisfied expression on your face. And your manner is arrogant. And you are really obnoxious. There is not one among the girls to whom you make your announcement but would like to say some cutting, pride-puncturing word to get even with you.

But, you see, they happen to be more polite than you are. You put them in an uncomfortable place; and their courtesy keeps them there. Probably, you imagine you have reduced them to silent admiration by your information.

If the girl who had a beautiful diamond ring given her for her birthday present should tell you that all of your gifts together were not so valuable as her one, you would think she was terribly rude. You would immediately conclude that she was deliberately trying to make you uncomfortable and to awaken your envy or your anger.

But isn't that exactly what she has a right to think you are doing to her and to the other girls? You do not realize how often, when you begin your bragging, the girls have to sit listening and biting their tongues to keep from

being as rude to you as you are to them.

Of course, you have missed nothing in your inventory. Brags never do! You have counted both of your bedroom slippers. Each volume of the set of Poe's works you have carefully added to your list. The right and the left glove of the pair you received figure individually. And the salt and pepper holders that are cunningly wedged in a little silver rack are divorced in your counting.

And after that last week-end visit you made you told the girls on your return about the number of men who asked you to dance after your card was full. You recited the splendors of the room you occupied as if they had been created and arranged for your especial benefit. You appropriated the party that your hostess gave as a personal compliment to you. And, of course, your gowns were not so elegant as some worn by the other guests; but "everybody" remarked upon your "individual style."

Of course, this bragging does no real harm to anybody but yourself. But it does enough to you to make it worth giving up. It stings and irritates your friends just as the sandfleas and mosquitoes bother people on the beach.

And you know what those people do. They just go away. They get out of range of the irritating tormentors. Girl who brags, the first thing you know, you will see your friends running when you appear in sight.

money—the qualities he most desired in his wife. But to make a pretense of love, whatever the heart may be, is a convention of marriage—like the bride's bouquet, or her train. So he said:

"Oh! no you don't—no more than I love you."

"Then why would you marry me?—if you do."

"Because I like you; because I admire your qualities; because I believe my life would be richer and fuller and more efficient; and because I should hope to alter certain of your opinions."

"Well, I don't care what the reasons are—just so they're strong enough," he said lightly. He rose and held out his hand; his face grew serious; his voice lowered. "I must be going. Four more days, remember—then your answer."

After he had gone she sat for several minutes thinking of life with him, toward which reason and circumstances pressed her, and from which, since the day he had declared himself, she had shrunk. This marriage was so different from the marriage of her dreams—a marriage of love, of common ideals; yet in it, her judgment told her, lay the best use of her life.

She dismissed her troubling thoughts with a sigh, and walked back to the library. As she entered Kate rose from a high-backed chair behind the library table whose polished top shone with

MR. PEEVED PROTESTS
Against Women Donning
Straw Hats So Early
TO HIS PATIENT WIFE

"JOHN," said Mrs. Peeved, glancing across at her husband, who was reading the sporting page of the evening paper, "the groundhog didn't see his shadow, or why this weather?"

"Nancy came in second, well, well," said Mr. Peeved, then catching his wife's eye, he dropped the paper, assumed his usual frown and said, "Well?"

"When you're quite through thinking about those girls you go round with," said Mrs. Peeved, ominously, "I will repeat my remark. The groundhog didn't see his shadow."

"What of it?" said Mr. Peeved with irritation. "Groundhog day is over and done with; the nasty little beast came right out and turned around and walked right in again or else he stayed out. Who cares?"

"It means," said Mrs. Peeved placidly, holding up her embroidery to view the effect—"it means an early spring."

Mrs. Peeved sewed for a moment in silence.

"I saw a lovely straw hat for \$10 today," she said, absently, and Mr. Peeved snorted. "I knew it," he shouted, "I knew it; that's the way, never a day that you don't want to spend money. I tell you, woman, you'll ruin me. Wear a winter hat! You don't see men runnin' around in straw hats when there's snow on the ground just because of the groundhog, do you?"

Mrs. Peeved sniffed. "John," she said, "who is 'Bill'?"

"Dunno," said Mr. Peeved, but he stopped reading.

"When I called you at the office today," his wife went on, "you were talking on the other phone, so I waited. I heard you say, 'All right, Bill, old man, I'll shake the old lady tomorrow evening; we'll go out and hit it up, and we'll get a drink to cool off. Ida? Oh! sure, she'll come.'"

"It wasn't me talking," said Mr. Peeved, nervously. "It was the head clerk."

"Humph," said Mrs. Peeved, "I just thought that if it was you I'd go buy that hat tomorrow and then go and see my sister in the evening. She hasn't got her hat yet."

Mr. Peeved dug down in his pocket. "Go in and beat sister to a frazzle," he said cheerfully. "I don't mind staying home alone one evening."

MAID TO ORDER.

PLEBEIAN.



"Figures can't lie."

"They can lie under other material."



"Touching story, that about Pochontas, isn't it?"

"Yes, but there probably wouldn't have been any if she had known that his name was John Smith."

Sandman Stories

For Just Before Bedtime

MAMMY SUE'S GHOST STORY.

"I HAD a letter from father today," said Mary when she and Caroline Frances were seated in Mammy Sue's cabin, "and he sent his love to you and said ask Mammy Sue if she remembers the night she saw the ghosts."

Mammy Sue shook herself with laughter. "Deed I does," she said, wiping her eyes; "you tell Mas' Dave I never will forget dat night."

"Did you see ghosts?" asked Caroline Frances; "real ones, Mammy Sue?"

"Es real as any ghost dat eber was," Mammy Sue replied.

"Do tell us about them," said Mary.

"Well, draw yo' chairs up close," said Mammy Sue, "cause yo' will sho be scat. A long time ago when Mas' Dave war 'bout ten an' Miss Jinny war 'bout sevin, ol' Mas' an' Miss dey go 'shakin' a visit. Miss Jinny an' me we sleep in misay's room, an' massy he 'lowed he war goin' to sleep dar, too. So I fixed a bed on de flo', an' we all sleep in dat room."

"One night, attar de house am all still, so yo' could hear a chicken peep, I wakes up, an' I hears a noise like somebody a-tappin' on de winder. But we's upstairs, an' I knowed dar couldn't be nobody; an' de moon war a shinin', an' I didn't see nobody. I jes thinks, 'Don't you be no fool nigger, Mammy Sue; yo' go to sleep.' Bimeby I wake up agin; an' dis time Miss Jinny, she wake up, too. I nebbber said nuffin', but I's sho I seed de curtain move; an' Miss Jinny say, in a whisper: 'Mammy Sue, what move dat curtain?'"

"I tole her: 'Yo' get sleep, honey. 'Dat de winder blowin' it.' 'No,' she say; 'de winder ain't open.' Jes den it shake an' shake, an' den somethin' white runs

right ober de foot of our bed. Miss Jinny she snuggles up close to me, an' tremblin' lak a leaf. 'Did you see dat?' she ax me. 'Twan't no use sayin' I didn't,' cause she knowed I did. Den somethin' white bobs up jus' ober de foot-board an' den go out ob sight. All dis time lil' mas', he sleepin'. Den de moon come in de winder brighter, an' I see a white thing run across de flo'; an' Miss Jinny, she screams right out, an' dat wake up Mas' Dave."

"What yo' all holler fo'?" he ax, sittin' up in bed. An' den anoder white thin run ober him, an' he jump up an' get a match."

"My teeef war a chatterin' so couldn't tell him, but Miss Jinny she say 'look Dave, thar are white things a-runnin' all 'round de room.'"

"Den are my white mice," he say, litin' de lamp. When he say mice, Miss

Jinny un me jes kiver up our heads an' holler.

"Mas' Dave he hunt an' hunt an' he can't find but fo' an' I had five, he tole us. Miss Jinny an' me we go in anoder room an' sleep an' we shut de door cause we couldn't sleep in dar wif dat mouse runnin' 'round loose."

"An' de nex' mornin' a sittin' on de bureau war dat odder mouse. We sleep in de room wif him after all. Mas' Dave he bought dem mice an' he hid dem in de hall under de sofa, 'cause

he knowed I'd make him take dem out to de barn, and de mice dey gits out ob de box somehow and dey run all ober de house."

"Mas' Dave he nebbber did fo'get how scat me and Miss Jinny war."

"I think that is a nice ghost story," said Mary.

"So do I," said Caroline Frances, "only I should like to hear a real ghost story."

"Dat am as real as any ob dem, honey lam," said Mammy Sue; "don't yo' let no such nonsense git in yo' pretty head."

Wrong Species.
Society Woman—I see by today's paper I am referred to as "one of fashion's butterflies."

Her Husband—Considering the way you go through clothes I should think moth would apply better.

Why He Enjoyed It.
Daisy—Did you enjoy your trip to Europe?
Daniel—Yes, indeed! All the time I was there I was thinking what fun it would be to get back.

Just Wait.
Said the gay young blonde to the nice brunette:
"Do we win men? Well, you just bet." Said the nice brunette to the blonde as frail:
"You watch us when peroxide falls."

Appropriate Reply.
City Cousin—Tell me, sir, how's the milkmaid?
Country One—It ain't made, you poor mutt! The cow gives it.

Rewarding the Cook.
Mrs. A.—Do you make your cook pay for what she breaks?
Mrs. B.—Mercy, no. We'd never be able to keep her. What we do is reward her liberally at the end of every month for what she didn't break.



"WAKES UP AND I HEARS A NOISE LIKE SOMEBODY A TAPPIN' ON DE WINDER."

"A SITTIN' ON DE BUREAU WAR DAT ODDER MOUSE."